



Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



• 1886 •

Easter Festival

OF

CHRIST CHURCH

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.



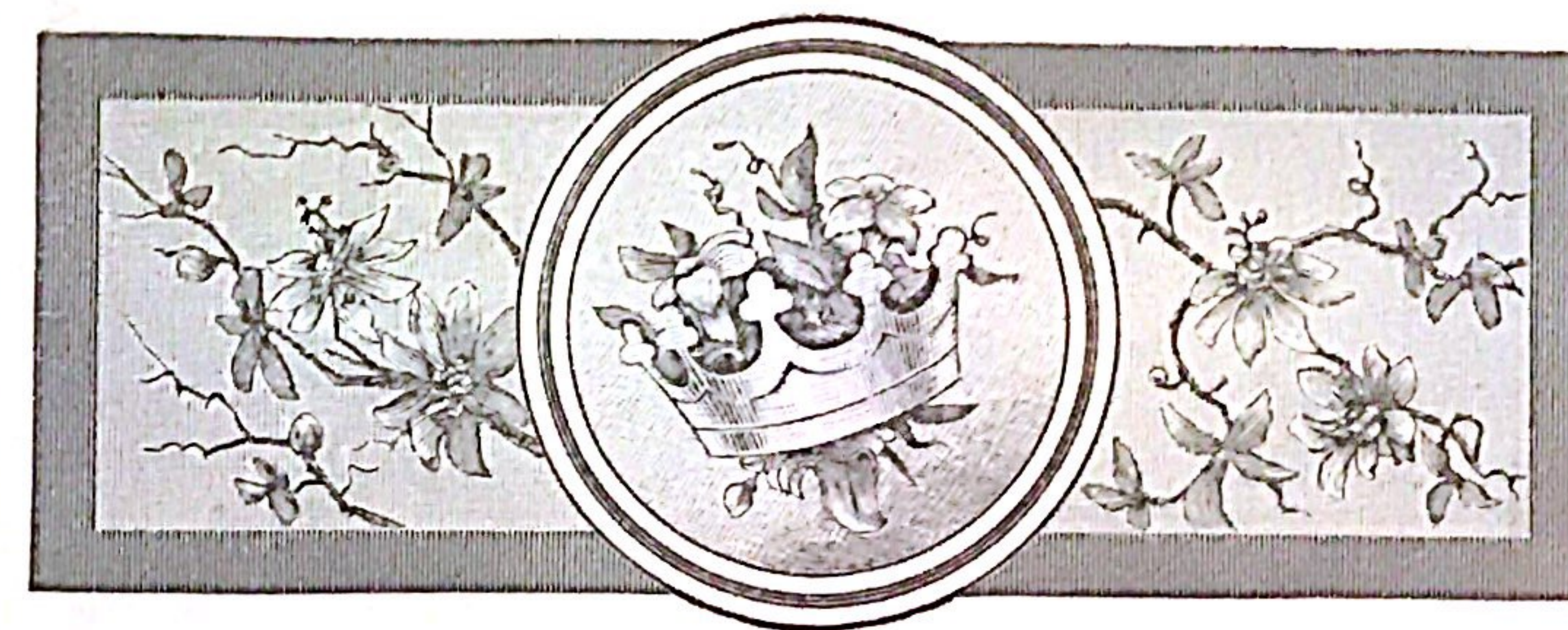
APRIL 25th, 1886, AT 4 P. M.



JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., Rector.



CHARLES W. SCHWARTZ, Superintendent of Sunday School.



Easter Festival.



Processional.

“WELCOME happy Morning!” age to age shall say:
 Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day;
 Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore!
 Him their true Creator, all His works adore!

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
 All good gifts returned with her returning King;
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
 Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall.
 Of the Father's Godhead, true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Thou of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise O buried Lord!

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight, day returns with Thee!

✠ CREED ✠ AND ✠ PRAYERS ✠



Song by Infant School.

Chime, chime again, ye glad bells of Easter,
Ring out the tidings sweet and clear,
Be every ear attentive to listen:
"Christ hath arisen," hear, oh, hear.

CHO.—Chime on, be chiming on, glad bells of Easter day!
Ring, ring, ring the glad refrain;
Ring on, keep ringing on,
Peal forth right merily,
Gladly ring and ring again.

Ring, ring again, ye sweet bells of Easter!
Sound out thy cheer notes far and wide,
Come to the hearts of all who are cast down,
Cheer with thy presence and abide.—CHO.

Chime on and chime on, cease not thy ringing
Till all must hear the joyful lay,
And all our hearts be filled with its praises
On this most joyous Easter day! — CHO.

Psalter.

PSALM CXI. *Confitebor tibi.*

I will give thanks unto the *Lord* with my | whole | heart:
secretly among the faithful, and | in the | congre | gation.||

The works of the | *Lord* are | great, || sought out of *all* | them
—that have | pleasure there- | in.

His work is worthy to be praised and | had in | honor, || and his
righteousness en- | dur- = | eth for- | ever.

The merciful and gracious *Lord* hath so *done* His | marvellous |
works: that they *ought* to be | had = | in re- | membrance.

He hath given *meat* unto | them that | fear Him: He shall ever
be | mindful | of His | covenant.

He hath showed His people the | power of His | works: that He
may give *them* the | heritage | of the | heathen.

The works of His *hands* are | verity and | judgment: all His
com- | mand- | ments are | true.

They stand *fast* for | ever and | ever, || *and* are | done in | truth
and equity.

He sent redemption | unto His | people: He hath commanded
His covenant for ever; *holy* and | reverend | is His | name.

The fear of the *Lord* is the be- | ginning of | wisdom: a good
understanding have all they that do thereafter: the *praise* of | it
en- | dureth for | ever. ||

PSALM CXIII. *Laudate, pueri.*

PRAISE the *Lord*, | ye • = | servants: O *Praise* the | Name • = | of
• the | *LORD*.

Blessed be the *Name* | of • the | *LORD*: from this time *forth* | for •
= | ev-er- | more.

The *LORD*'s *Name* is | prais • = | ed: from the rising up of the
sun unto the | going • down | of • the | same.

The *LORD* is *high* a- | bove • all | heathen: *and* His | glory • a- |
bove • the | heavens,

Who is like unto the *LORD* our God, that hath His dwelling | so •
= | high: and yet humbleth Himself to behold the *things* that |
are • in | heaven • and | earth!

He taketh up the simple | out · of the | dust: and lifteth the *poor*
| out · = | of · the | mire;

That He may set *him* | with · the | princes: even *with* the | prin-
ces | of · His | people.

He maketh the barren woman to | keep · = | house: and to be a |
joy-ful | mother · of | children.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM II. *Quare fremuerunt.*

Why do the heathen so furiously | rage to- | gether: and why do
the people i- | magine | a vain | thing?

The kings *of* the | earth stand | up: and the rulers take counsel
together against the *Lord*, and a- | gainst | His a | nointed.

Let us *break* their | bonds a- | sunder: and *cast* a- | way their |
cords | from us.

He that dwelleth in heaven shall | laugh them to | scorn: the
Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision:

Then shall He speak unto *them* | in His | wrath: and vex *them* |
in His | sore dis- | pleasure:

Yet have *I* | set my | King: *upon* my | holy | hill of | Sion:

I will preach the law, whereof the *Lord* hath | said unto | me:
Thou art my Son, this | day have | I be- | gotten Thee:

Desire of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for | thine in- |
heritance: and the utmost parts *of* the | earth for | thy pos- |
session:

Thou shalt bruise them *with* a | rod of | iron, : and break them in
pieces, | like a | potter's | vessel.:

Be wise now therefore, | O ye | kings, : be learned, *ye* that are |
judges | of the | earth.:

Serve the | Lord in | fear, : and re- | joice unto | Him with |
reverence.:

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and so ye perish from the |
right | way, : if His wrath be kindled, yea but a little. Blessed are
all *they* that | put their | trust in | Him.:

Gloria Patri.



LESSON



Mark xiv: 1-8.

Carol.

CHRIST hath arisen!

Death is no more!

Lo! the white robed ones

Sit by the door:

Dawn, golden morning!

Scatter the night!

Haste! ye disciples glad,

First with the light.

Christ hath arisen,

Death is no more!

Lo! the white-robed ones

Sit by the door.

Break forth in singing,

O world-new born!

Chant the great Easter-tide,

Christ's holy morn:

Chant Him, young sun-beams,

Dancing in mirth;

Chant, all ye winds of God,

Coursing the earth!

Christ hath arisen, etc.

Chant Him, ye laughing flowers

Fresh from the sod!

Chant Him, wild, leaping streams,

Praising your God!

Break from thy winter

Sad heart, and sing!

Bud, with thy blossoms fair!

Christ is thy spring!

Christ hath arisen, etc.

Come where the Lord hath lain :
 Past is the gloom :
 See the full eye of day
 Smile through the tomb.
 Hark! angel voices
 Fall from the skies;
 He hath arisen —
 Glad heart, arise!
 Christ hath arisen, etc.

Report and Distribution of Prizes.



Carol.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
 Hearts to heav'n and voices raise:
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 He, who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the king of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.
 Now the iron bars are broken,
 Christ from death to life is born,
 Glorious life, and life immortal,
 On the holy Easter morn:
 Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
 By His mighty enterprise,
 We with Him to life eternal,
 By His resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His second coming yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen! We are risen!
 Shed upon us heav'nly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face;
 That we, with our hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glory be to God on high;
 Alleluia to the Saviour,
 Who hath gained the victory:
 Alleluia to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 To the Triune Majesty.



ADDRESS



Carol.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
Now is His work performed,
Now is the mighty Captive freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise Him, Praise Him, evermore.

"The Lord is risen indeed;"
The grave has lost its prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.
Alleluia, etc.

"The Lord is risen indeed:"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
Alleluia! etc.

"The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear.
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
Alleluia! etc.

Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!
Alleluia! etc.

Offerings for Germantown Hospital.

Prayers and Benediction.



Recessional.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

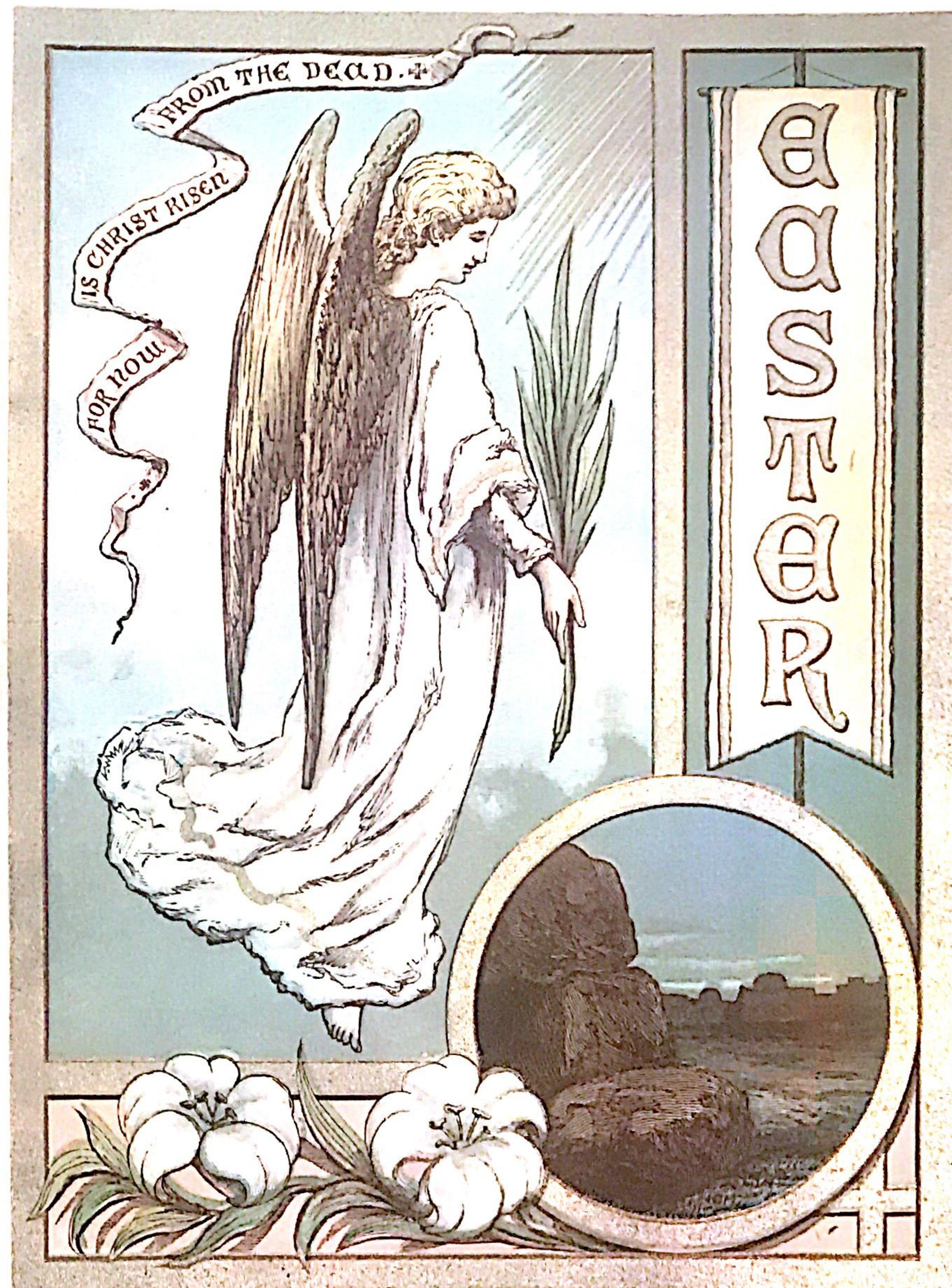
But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!





Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PA.

1887.



✠ 1887 ✠

EASTER FESTIVAL

OF

Christ Church

✠ SUNDAY ✠ SCHOOL, ✠

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.



APRIL 10, 1887, AT 4, P. M.



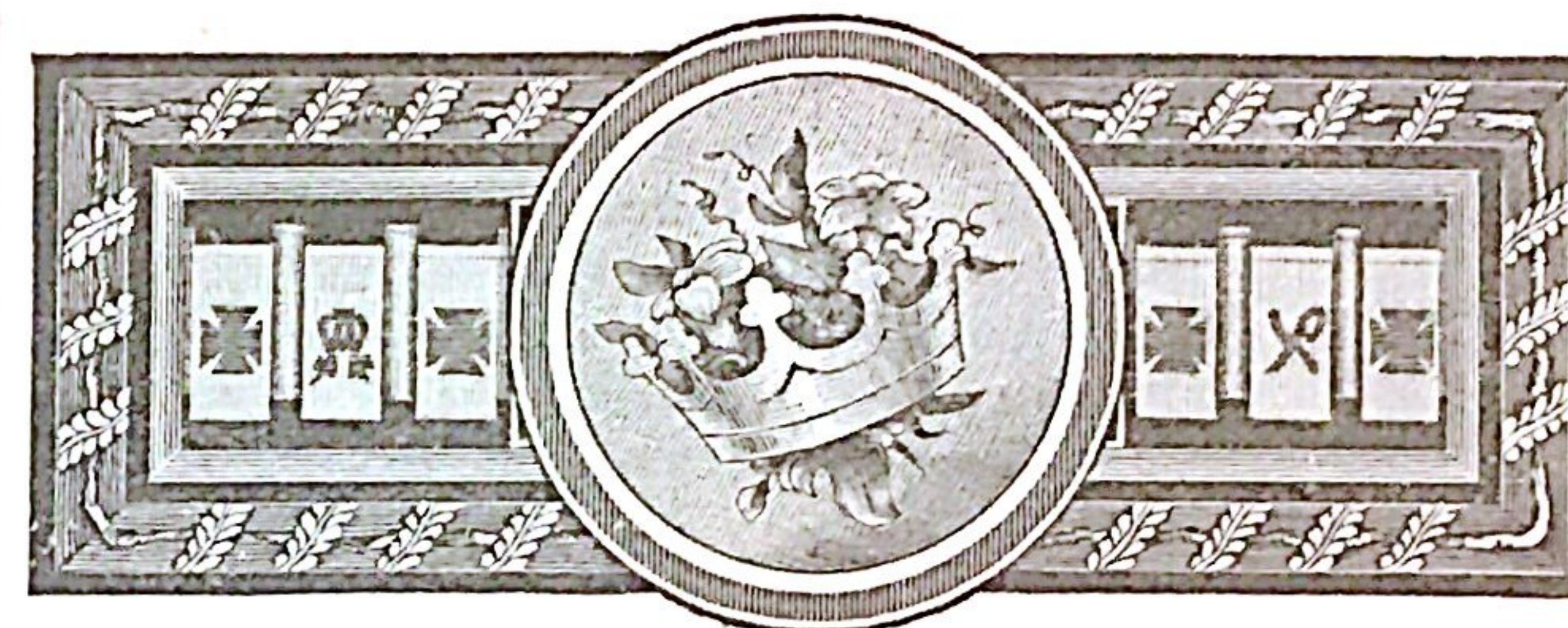
JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., Rector.



CHARLES W. SCHWARTZ, Superintendent of Sunday School.



"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."



Order of Service.



Processional.

DAY of wonder, day of gladness,
Hail thy ever glorious light!
Gone is sorrow, gone is sadness,
Ended is the gloomy night!
Listen to the angels' story, —
Cast away all doubt and dread;
Give to God, the Father, glory!
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song;
Unto Jesus, honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led:
E'en the grave is free from terror,
"Christ is risen from the dead."

Every people, every nation
 Soon shall hear the gladsome sound;
 Joyous tidings of salvation,
 Borne to earth's remotest bound.
 Then shall rise, in tones excelling,
 Praise for grace so freely shed;
 And the Easter hymn be swelling,—
 "Christ is risen from the dead."

Victor now, to heaven ascended,
 Seated on the Father's throne:
 Christ, in whom our nature blended,
 Will His blessed children own:
 If above, in glory meeting,
 We the heavenly courts should tread,
 Sweeter then will sound the greeting,—
 "Christ is risen from the dead."

✠ CREED ✠ AND ✠ PRAYERS ✠



Song by Infant School.

YE happy bells of Easter Day
 Ring, ring your joy
 Thro' earth and sky;
 Ye ring a glorious word.
 The notes that swell in gladness, tell
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
 The teeming earth,
 That saw His birth
 When lying 'neath the sward,
 Upspringeth now in joy, to show
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
 The thorny crown
 He layeth down:
 Ring! ring! with strong accord—
 The mighty strain of love and pain,
 The rising of the Lord!



THE PSALTER.

PSALM CXI. *Confitebor tibi.*

I will give thanks unto the *Lord* with my | whole | heart:
 secretly among the *faithful*, and | in the | congre- | gation.

The works *of* the | *Lord* are | great: sought out of *all* them
 | that have | pleasure there- | in.

His work is worthy to be *praised* and | had in | honor: and His
righteousness en- | dur- = | eth for- | ever.

The merciful and gracious *Lord* hath so *done* His | marvellous |
 works: that they *ought* to be | had = | in re- | membrance.

He hath given *meat* unto | them that | fear Him: He shall ever
 be | mindful | of His | covenant.

He hath showed His *people* the | power of His | works: that He
 may give *them* the | heritage | of the | heathen.

The works of His *hands* are | verity and | judgment: all His
com- | mand- | ments are | true.

They stand *fast* for | ever and | ever: *and* are | done in | truth
and | equity.

He sent redemption | unto His | people: He hath commanded
His covenant for ever: *holy* and | reverend | is His | name.

The fear of the *Lord* is the be- | ginning of | wisdom: a good
understanding have all they that do thereafter: the *praise* of | it
en- | dureth for | ever.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM II. *Quare fremuerunt.*

Why do the heathen so furiously | rage to- | gether: and why do
the *people* i- | magine | a vain | thing?

The kings *of* the | earth stand | up: and the rulers take counsel
together against the *Lord*, and a- | gainst | His a- | nointed.

Let us *break* their | bonds a- | sunder: and *cast* a- | way their |
cords | from us.

He that dwelleth in heaven shall | laugh them to | scorn: the
Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision:

Then shall He speak unto *them* | in His | wrath: and vex *them* |
in His | sore dis- | pleasure:

Yet have *I* | set my | King: *upon* my | holy | hill of | Sion:

I will preach the law, whereof the *Lord* hath | said unto | me:
Thou art My Son, this | day have | I be- | gotten Thee:

Desire of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for | Thine in- |
heritance: and the utmost parts *of* the | earth for | Thy pos- |
session:

Thou shalt bruise them *with* a | rod of | iron: and break them in
pieces, | like a | potter's | vessel.

Be wise now *therefore*, | O ye | kings: be learned, *ye* that are |
judges | of the | earth.

Serve the | Lord in | fear: *and* re- | joice unto | Him with |
reverence.

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and so ye perish from the |
right | way: if His wrath be kindled, yea but a little. Blessed are
all *they* that | put their | trust in | Him.

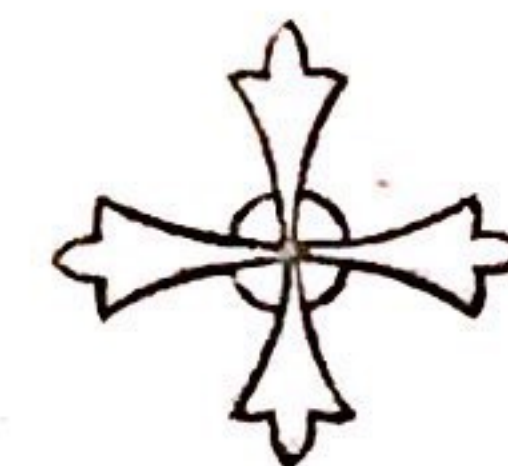
Gloria Patri.

✻ LESSON. ✻

MARK xiv: 1-8.

Anthem.

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
And hath conquered the grave;
Then break forth into singing, ye people!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ hath risen indeed!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Christ is risen indeed!
Sing, ye people, in loud anthems of praise,
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!
Is risen triumphant o'er death and the grave!



Report and Distribution of Prizes.

Carol.

'TWAS about the dead of night,
And Athens lay in slumber;
Moonlight on the temples slept,
And touched the rocks with umber,
And the court of Mars were met
In grave and reverend number.
Evermore and evermore, Christians, sing
Alleluia!

Met they were, to hear and judge
The teachings of a stranger,
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger;
And he worshiped for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore and evermore, Christians, sing
Alleluia!

While he spake against their gods
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
Till with bolder voice and mien,
He preached the Resurrection.
Evermore and evermore, Christians, sing
Alleluia!

Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason:
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason:
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore and evermore, Christians, sing
Alleluia!

Athens heard and scorned it then,
Now the world receives it;
Wise men mocked and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believed it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore and evermore, Christians, sing
Alleluia!

Address.



Carol.

THE Day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Prayers and Benediction.



✠ Presentation of Offerings. ✠



Recessional.

He is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is vanquished, man is free,
Christ has won the victory!

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Christ has borne our sins away.
Christ hath conquered hell to-day.

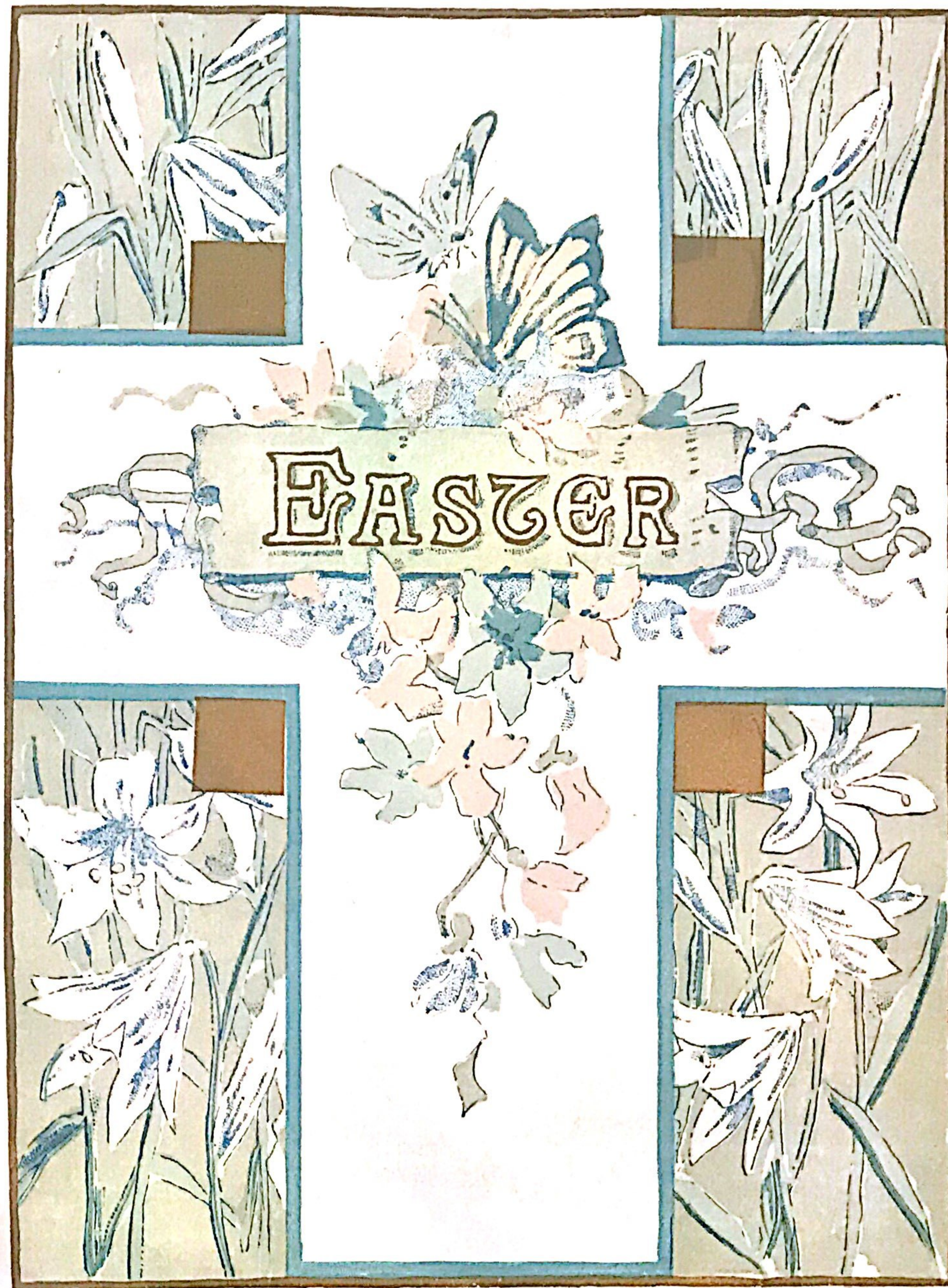
He is risen! He is risen!
He has ope'd the eternal gate;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
Where a brightening Easter beam,
On our longing eyes shall stream.
AMEN.





Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

. 1892 .



EASTER FESTIVAL
OF THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
OF
Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PHILA.



APRIL 17, AT FOUR P. M.



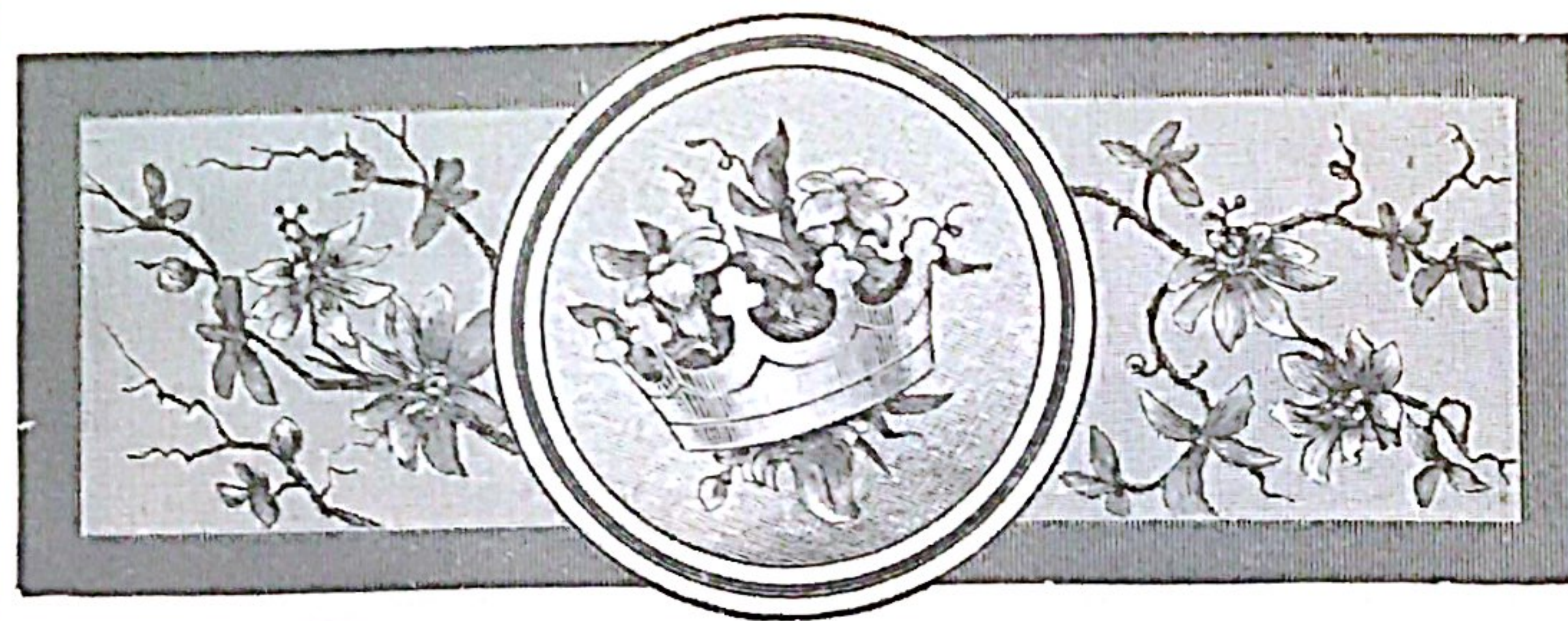
The Rev. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., Rector.

The Rev. A. H. HORD, Assistant.



Mr. SHELDON POTTER, Superintendent of Sunday School.
Miss WELLS, - - - Superintendent of Infant School.

• 1892 •



Order of Service



Processional

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

Creed and Prayers



Carol by Infant School

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.



The Psalter

PSALM CXIII. *Laudate, Pueri.*

- 1 PRAISE the | Lord ye | servants: O praise the | Name | of the | Lord.
- 2 Blessed be the Náme | of the | Lord: from this time | forth for | ever- | -more.
- 3 The Lórd's | Name is | praised: from the rising up of the sun, unto the góing | down | of the | same.
- 4 The Lord is hígh a- | -bove all | heathen: ánd his | glory . a- | -bove the | heavens.
- 5 Who is like unto the Lord our God that háth his | dwelling . so | high: and yet humbleth himself to behold the things that | are in | heaven and | earth?
- 6 He taketh up the símple | out . of the | dust: and lifteth the | poor | out . of the | mire;
- 7 That he may sét him | with the | princes: even with the | princes | of his | people.
- 8 He maketh the barren wóman to | keep | house: and to bé a | joyful | mother . of | children.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM CXIV. *In Exitu Israel.*

- 1 WHEN Israel cáme | out of | Egypt: and the house of Jacob fróm a- | -mong the | strange | people,
- 2 Júdah | was his | sanctuary: ánd | Israel | his do- | -minion.
- 3 The séa saw | that, and | fled: Jór- | -dan was | driven | back.
- 4 The móuntains | skipped . like | rams: and the little | hills like | young | sheep.
- 5 What aileth thee, O thou séa | that thou | fleddest: and thou Jórdan, that | thou wast | driven | back?
- 6 Ye mountains, thát ye | skipped . like | rams: and ye little | hills like | young | sheep?
- 7 Tremble thou earth, at the présence | of the | Lord: at the présence | of the | God of | Jacob;
- 8 Who turned the hard róck into a | standing | water: and the flint-stone | into a | springing | well.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM CXVIII. *Confitemini Domino.*

- 1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | he is | gracious: because his | mercy . en- | -dureth . for | ever.
- 2 Let Israel now conféss that | he is | gracious: and thát his | mercy . en- | -dureth . for | ever.
- 3 Let the house of Aáron | now con- | -fess: thát his | mercy . en- | -dureth . for | ever.
- 4 Yea, let them now that féar the | Lord con- | -fess: thát his | mercy . en- | -dureth . for | ever.
- 5 I called upón the | Lord in | trouble: and the Lórd | heard | me at | large.
- 6 The Lórd is | on my | side: I will not féar what | man . doeth | unto | me.
- 7 The Lord taketh my párt with | them that | help me: therefore shall I sée my de- | -sire up- | -on mine | enemies.

8 It is better to trúst | in the | Lord: than to pút any |
confi- | -dence in | man.

9 It is better to trúst | in the | Lord: than to pút any |
confi- | -dence in | princes.

10 All nations cómpassed me | round a- | -bout: but in
the Náme of the | Lord will | I de- | -stroy them.

11 They kept me in on every side, they kept me in I sáy
on | every | side: but in the Náme of the | Lord will | I
de- | -stroy them.

12 They came about me like bees and are extinct even as
the fire a- | -mong the | thorns: for in the Náme of the |
Lord I | will de- | -stroy them.

13 Thou hast thrust sore at mé, that | I might | fall: bút
the | Lord | was my | help.

14 The Lord is my stréngth | and my | song: and is
be- | -come | my sal- | -vation.

15 The voice of joy and health is in the dwéllings | of
the | righteous: the right hand of the Lórd bringeth |
mighty | things to | pass.

16 The right hand of the Lórd | hath . the pre- | -emi-
nence: the right hand of the Lórd bringeth | mighty | things
to | pass.

17 I sháll not | die but | live: and decláre the | works
| of the | Lord.

18 The Lord hath chástened and cor- | -rected | me: but
he hath not gíven me | over | unto | death.

19 Open mé the | gates of | righteousness: that I may
go into them ánd give | thanks | unto . the | Lord.

20 This is the gáte | of the | Lord: the righteous shall |
enter | into | it.

21 I will thánk thee for | thou hast | heard me: and árt
be- | -come | my sal- | -vation.

22 The same stóne which the | builders . re- | -fused: is
becóme the | head-stone | in the | corner.

23 This is the | Lord's | doing: ánd it is | márvelous | in
our | eyes.

24 This is the dáy which the | Lord hath | made: we will
rejóice | and be | glad in | it.

25 Hélp me | now O | Lord: O Lórd | send us | now pros-
| -perity.

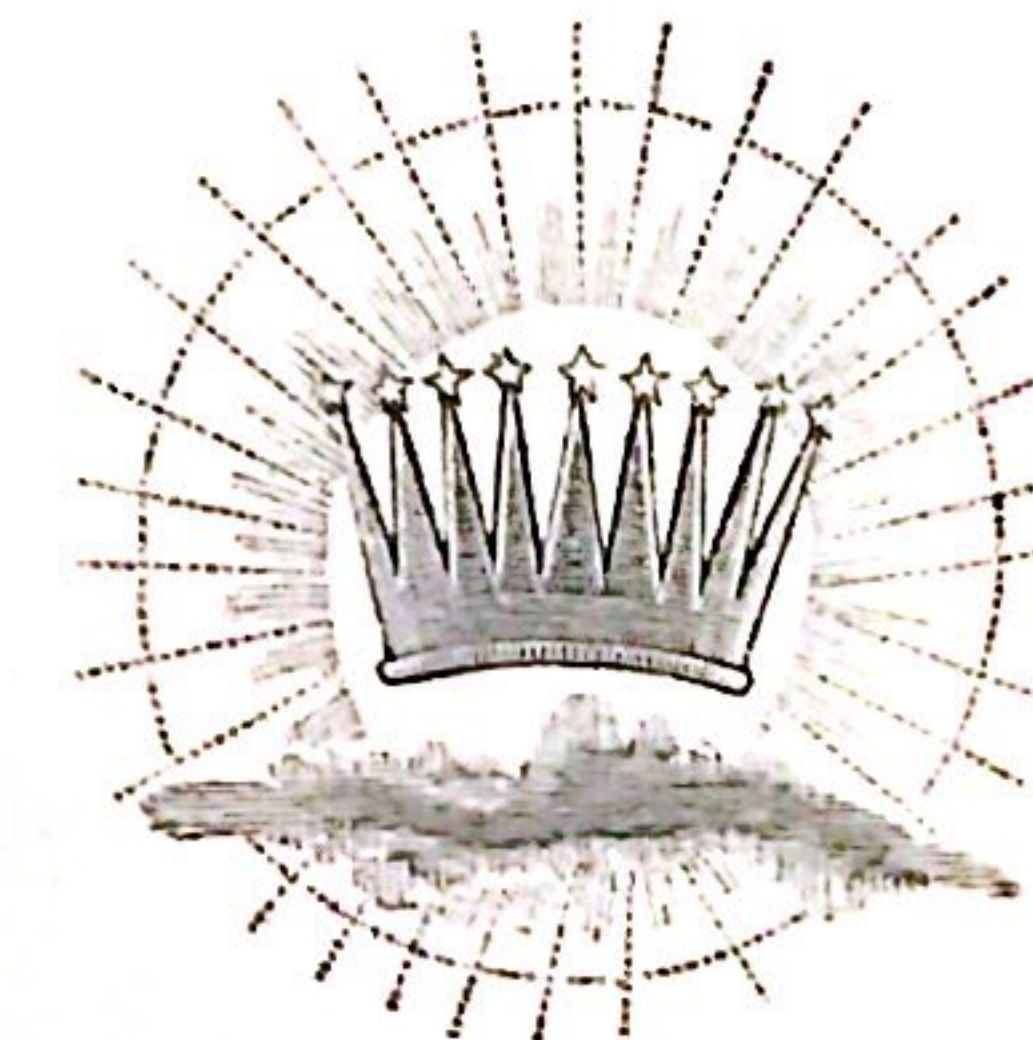
26 Blessed be he that cometh in the Náme | of the |
Lord: we have wished you good luck ye that áre of the |
house | of the | Lord.

27 God is the Lórd who hath | shewed . us | light: bind
the sacrifice with cords yea, even únto the | horns | of the
| altar.

28 Thou art my Gód, and | I will | thank thee: thóu art
my | God, and | I will | praise thee.

29 O give thanks unto the Lórd, for | he is | gracious:
ánd his | mercy . en- | -dureth . for | ever.

Gloria Patri.



The Lesson

ST. MARK XVI: 1-8.

Carol

As Mary walked in the garden green
Of Joseph of Arimathee,
Fair shrubs and flowers she passed between,
Tall palm and the wide plane tree.
'Twas early morn as with spice and balm
Full laden she went, when lo!
She thought she heard in accent calm
A voice which she seemed to know.

CHO.—I am the Gardener true;
Mine are the violets blue,
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And pansy of purple hue!

As Mary came to the tomb of stone,
She could not her grief contain,
For she was 'ware that no Christ was there,
Who late in the rock had lain.
And bitter grief in her soul was stirred,
When hard by the grave's lone cell
She felt right sure that a voice she heard,
A voice which she knew full well.
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary listened she gazed around,
When, dim in the morning gloom,
She saw One stand, with a spade in hand,
Full close to the sacred tomb.
Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence?
O say where He now doth lie!
While lo! seemed borne to her listening sense
From some blessed bright one nigh,
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary hearkened, her name she heard,
O Mary!—She turned in haste,
And joy shone out at the gracious word,
Which every tear effaced.
Rabboni! Lord!—'Twas her Master good
She welcomed with love's survey,
Who 'neath a gardener's guise had stood,
And seemed to her soul to say.
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary mused on things unseen
She learnt how the Lord doth scan,
And claim each floweret and blossom green
Which blooms in the heart of man.
Fair buds of hope, and of longings high,
With purity's flower of snow,
And glowing love with its vermeil dye,
And charity's purple glow.
He is the Gardener true!
His are the violets blue
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And pansy of purple hue.



Address

Carol

EASTER flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might;
Glory in the highest.

CHORUS,

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ our Lord is ris'n in might, Alleluia!

Angels carolled this sweet lay
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away;
Glory in the highest.

Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calldeth forth our gladdest strain:
Glory in the highest.

Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true:
Glory in the highest.

Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.



Address

Carol

EARTH and sky, and sun and showers,
Join the Paschal song today;
Men and maidens, birds and flowers,
Make our Easter bright and gay,
Saints and angels, little children,
Christ's redeemed, a mighty throng;
Raise to Him triumphant praises,
Raise to Heaven their Easter song!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Life from out of death has risen,
As from seed will come the flower;
Christ has burst from out His prison,
And the grave has lost its power.
Earth to Heaven calls in triumph,
That for which she waited long;
And the longing hope of Eden
Has become an Easter song!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

So with angels all around us,
And with those who've gone before;
Who in triumph now surround us
With the self same song of yore;
Christ is risen all victorious
And our praises all belong
To His name, forever glorious,
So we raise our Easter song!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Recessional

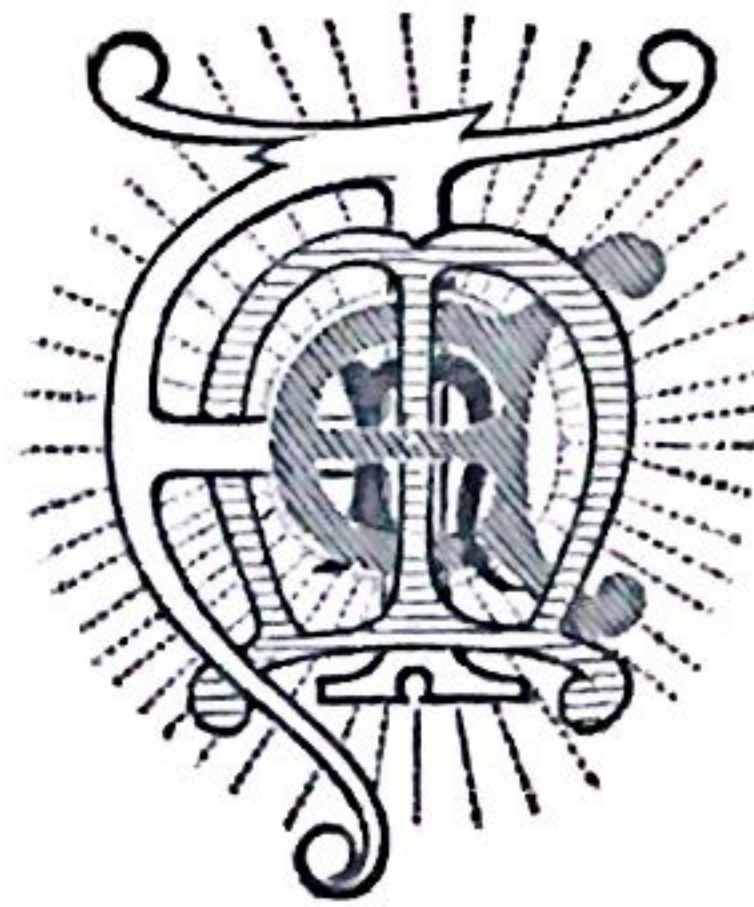
LIST to the bells that now are sweetly ringing,
For Easter day has dawn'd upon our eyes,
Sing joyous songs, O let us join together,
In giving praise to Him who did arise.

CHORUS.

Let one and all in chorus blending voices,
Join in the song that fills the air today;
One grand united, fervent acclamation,
One endless Allelujah, ever say.

Long years ago the Saviour died to save us,
And, when He rose from earth to Heaven high;
He taught us plainly, who in faith believe it;
That after death, the endless life doth lie.
Let one and all, etc.

So, when the day that marks His resurrection,
Comes with the ever circling years again,
We celebrate with joy and glad hosannas,
That sinners poor were freed from bond and chain.
Let one and all, etc.



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Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PHILA.



EASTER FESTIVAL

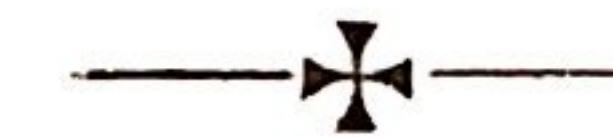
OF THE

✠ SUNDAY SCHOOL ✠

OF

Christ Church

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

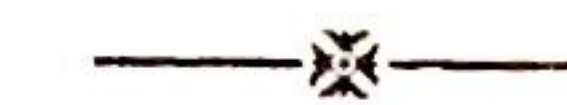


APRIL 2, AT FOUR P. M.



The Rev. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., Rector.

The Rev. C. H. ARNDT, Assistant.



Mr. SHELDON POTTER, Superintendent of Sunday School.
Miss WELLS, - - - Superintendent of Infant School.

1893.



Order of Service



Processional

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

Alleluia!

Creed and Prayers



Carol by Infant School

I BELIEVE in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun;
All that we have each day,
To us by Him is given;
We call Him when we pray,
“Our Father in the heaven.”

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's “only Son”,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one;
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died;
And now we call Him Saviour,
And Christ the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day;
And if we do not grieve it,
He will ne'er go away;
From heaven upon Jesus,
He descended like a dove;
And He dwelleth ever with us
To fill our hearts with love.

The Psalter

PSALM 113. *Laudate, Pueri.*

1. PRAISE the Lord, ye servants; O praise the Name of the Lord.
2. Blessed be the Name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore.
3. The Lord's Name is praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.
4. The Lord is high above all heathen, and His glory above the heavens.
5. Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath His dwelling so high, and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth!
6. He taketh up the simple out of the dust, and lifteth the poor out of the mire.
7. That He may set him with the princes, even with the princes of His people.
8. He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM 114. *In exitu Israel.*

1. WHEN Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from among the strange people.
2. Judah was His sanctuary, and Israel His dominion.
3. The sea saw that and fled; Jordan was driven back.
4. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep.
5. What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
6. Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams? and ye little hills, like young sheep?

7. Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord; at the presence of the God of Jacob.

8. Who turned the hard rock into a standing water, and the flint-stone into a springing well.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM 118. *Confitemini Domino.*

1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; because His mercy endureth for ever.
2. Let Israel now confess that He is gracious, and that His mercy endureth forever.
3. Let the house of Aaron now confess, that His mercy endureth for ever.
4. Yea, let them now that fear the Lord confess, that His mercy endureth for ever.
5. I called upon the Lord in trouble; and the Lord heard me at large.
6. The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man doeth unto me.
7. The Lord taketh my part with them that help me; therefore shall I see my desire upon mine enemies.
8. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in man.
9. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in princes.
10. All nations compassed me round about; but in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them.
11. They kept me in on every side, they kept me in, I say, on every side; but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.
12. They came about me like bees, and are extinct, even as the fire among the thorns; for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.
13. Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall; but the Lord was my help.
14. The Lord is my strength and my song; and is become my salvation.

15. The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous; the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

16. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence; the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

17. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

18. The Lord hath chastened and corrected me; but He hath not given me over unto death.

19. Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord.

20. This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous shall enter into it.

21. I will thank Thee; for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

22. The same stone which the builders refused, is become the head-stone in the corner.

23. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

24. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

25. Help me now, O Lord: O Lord, send us now prosperity.

26. Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord.

27. God is the Lord, who hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, yea, even unto the horns of the altar.

28. Thou art my God, and I will thank Thee; Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.

29. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth forever.

Gloria Patri.

The Lesson

ST. MARK XVI: 1-8.

Carol

On wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the Angel bright
And roll'd the stone away.

CHORUS.

Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise,
To bless and praise,
To praise your risen Lord.

The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

Then rose from death's dark gloom
Unseen of mortal eye
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

Oh! let your hearts be strong,
For we, like Him shall rise,
To dwell with Him e're long,
In bliss beyond the skies.
Your voices raise, etc.

Address

Carol

As Mary walked in the garden green
Of Joseph of Arimathee,
Fair shrubs and flowers she passed between,
Tall palm and the wide plane tree.
'Twas early morn as with spice and balm
Full laden she went, when lo!
She thought she heard in accent calm
A voice she which seemed to know.

CHO.—I am the Gardener true;
Mine are the violets blue,
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And the pansy of purple hue!

As Mary came to the tomb of stone,
She could not her grief contain,
For she was 'ware that no Christ was there,
Who late in rock had lain.
And bitter grief in her soul was stirred,
When hard by the grave's lone cell
She felt right sure that a voice was heard,
A voice that she knew full well.
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary listened she gazed around,
When dim in the morning gloom,
She saw One stand, with a spade in hand,
Full close to the sacred tomb.
Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence?
O say where He now doth lie!
While lo! seemed borne to her listening sense
From some blessed bright one nigh.
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary hearkened, her name she heard,
O Mary!—She turned in haste,
And joy shone out at the gracious word,
Which every tear effaced.
Rabboni! Lord!—'Twas her Master good
She welcomed with love's survey,
Who 'neath a gardener's guise had stood,
And seemed to her soul to say,
I am the Gardener true, etc.

As Mary mused on things unseen
She learnt how the Lord doth scan,
And claim each floweret and blossom green
Which blooms in the heart of man.
Fair buds of hope and of longings high,
With purity's flower of snow,
And glowing love with its vermeil dye,
And charity's purple glow.
He is the Gardener true!
His are the violets blue
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And the pansy of purple hue.

Address

Carol

CAROL we the blessing
Of th' Incarnate Word;
Carol we, confessing
Our arisen Lord.
Carol we, carol we,
Jesus Christ came down to be
Surety on th' accursed tree,
For the sins of men.

Mourn we at the scorning
 Shower'd upon His head,
 While His brow adorning,
 Mocking words they said.
 Majesty, Divinity,
 Clothed with humanity,
 Perfect in humility,
 For the sins of men.

Carol we the story
 Of His dying love;
 Carol we the glory
 He now shares above.
 Carol we, carol we,
 Captive led captivity;
 Jesus Christ now lives to be
 Th' Advocate for men.

Carol we the whole earth
 Sav'd from sinfulness;
 Carol we the new birth
 Unto righteousness.
 Carol we, carol we,
 Th' ever blessed Trinity,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 God forever more.



Prayers and Benediction



Recessional

SING, O Heavens, and earth rejoice,
 Christ has triumphed o'er the grave;
 Join with gladness heart and voice,
 Christ now lives with power to save.
 Angels rolled the stone away,
 Angels sat where Jesus lay;
 ||: Darkness fled, and joy was born
 On that glorious Easter morn.: ||

Past the conflict and the strife,
 Ending all His grief and pain;
 Victor, Prince and Lord of life,
 He begins His gracious reign.
 Mercy glistens from His throne,
 Mercy calls the lost her own;
 ||: Darkness fled, and joy was born
 On that glorious Easter morn.: ||

Through the night so dark and long,
 Light now streams across the sea;
 "Christ is risen," is all our song,
 "Life and immortality."
 All the earth shall hear the voice.
 All shall hear and shall rejoice;
 ||: Darkness fled, and joy was born
 On that glorious Easter morn.: ||

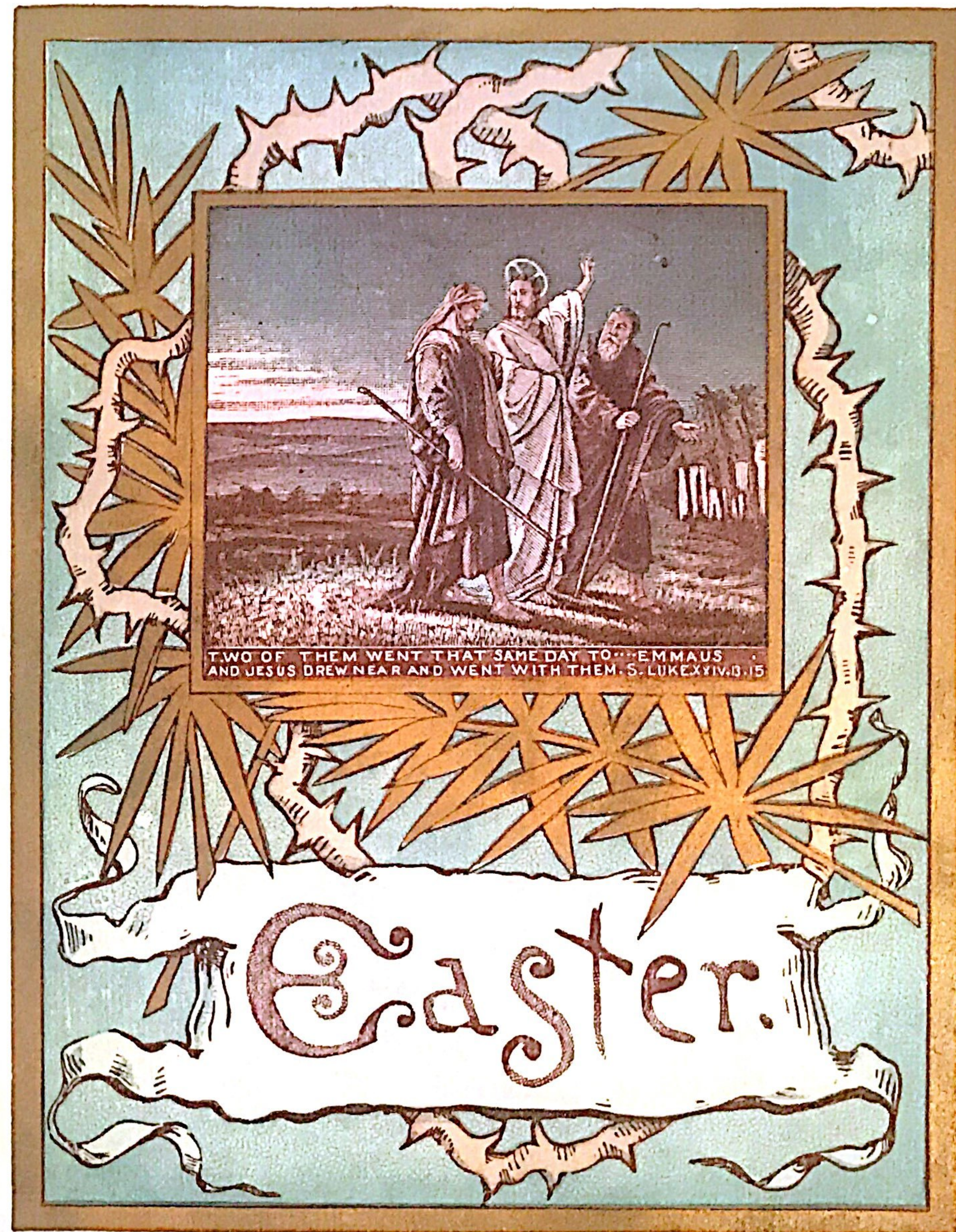
Rise we with our risen Lord,
Love shall follow to the skies;
Hearts and lives in sweet accord,
Sing their holy harmonies.
Brightness fills the songs we sing,
Brightness fills the hearts we bring;
||: Darkness fled, and joy was born
On that glorious Easter morn. : ||



 T.R. Marvin & Son
73 Federal St.
Boston



EASTER FESTIVAL
OF THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
OF
Christ Church,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.
1895.



. . 1895 . .

EASTER FESTIVAL

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

CHRIST CHURCH,

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14th at 4 P. M.



Clergy.

THE REV. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D.

THE REV. C. H. ARNDT, M. A.

MR. W. H. SOWDEN, SUPT. S. S.

MISS H. D. WELLS, SUPT. PRIMARY DEPT.



Order of Service.



Processional

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia!

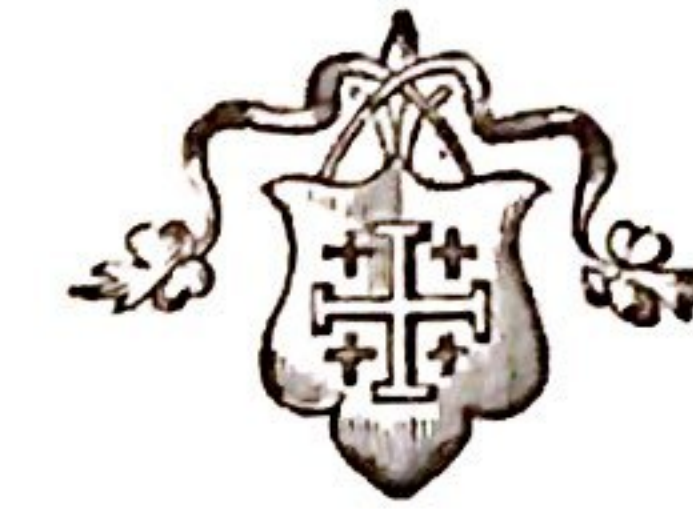
Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

Alleluia!

The Creed and Prayers



Carol by Primary Department

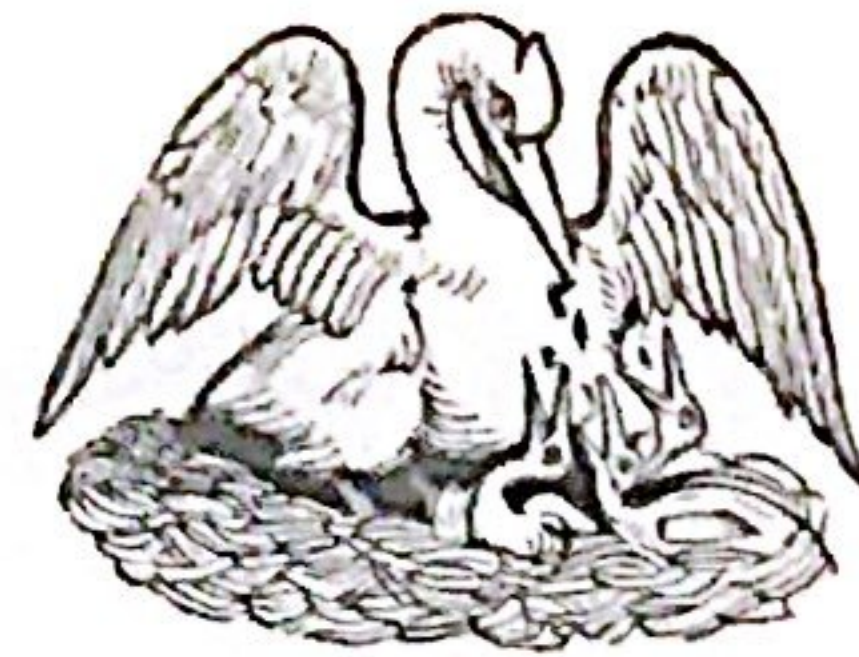
The little flowers came through the ground
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around
At happy Easter time;
And every pretty bud did say,
Good people bless this holy day,
For "Christ is risen," the angels say,
At happy Easter time.

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time;
"We'll hear the song of Heaven," they say
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time."

T'was long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time;
And still each little flower doth say,
Good Christians, bless this holy day;
For "Christ is risen," the angels say,
"At blessed Easter time!"

The Psalter for Easter Day

PSALMS CXIII AND CXIV.



The Lesson

Carol

Early on this morning, ages long gone by,
Went the holy Marys where their Lord did lie.
Thinking they should find Him, in the darkened gloom,
Thinking He was lying in the sealed tomb.
Mournfully they wended loving steps and said,
“Who will roll the great stone from the sacred Dead?”
Angels saw them weep and mourn,
Angels went with them along,
Softly singing sweetest song.

Cold and still a star shone on departing night,
While the far horizon glowed with coming light;
Onward went the Marys to the sepulchre,
Bearing precious spices and embalming myrrh.
When as they drew nearer, what their dire dismay,
To behold the great stone rolled quite away!
Angel spirits pure and bright
Saw with them the wondrous sight,
While they sang with glad delight.

On the stone triumphant, dazzling in array,
Sat an Angel glorious who these words did say
“Why seek ye the living here among the dead?
Christ the Lord is risen! thus it was He said,
Be ye not affrighted, but haste on your way
And tell His disciples all the words I say.”

Winged legions swiftly fly
Angels in the worlds on high
Bear the tidings through the sky.

On this Easter morning, ages long gone by,
Sped on earth the tidings both afar and nigh;
While from age to ages still the tidings spread,
“Christ the Lord is risen, risen from the dead!”
Sing with voice exultant, sing the glad refrain,
Sing it young and aged, o’er and o’er again!

Angels as on air they tread,
Sing the glad song overhead,
“Christ is risen from the dead!”

Address by Superintendent

Carol

Christ, we sing Thy saving Passion,
Thine arising glorify;
Death forever to abolish,
Thou upon the Cross didst die;
Then from Hades Thou didst hasten,
As alone omnipotent;
Grant us peace in life, Redeemer,
Joy when earthly life is spent.

Sing we now Thy condescension,
 Christ, with God the Father One;
 We in lofty hymns will praise Thee,
 Mary-Mother's Blessed Son.
 Thou for us as man didst suffer,
 Willingly the Cross didst bear,
 That Thy resurrection-glory
 We, the sons of men, may share.

Coming as from bridal chamber
 Robed with orient morning-light;
 Bringing to the world salvation,
 Spoiling Hell of all her might;
 Raising by Thy Resurrection
 Man to dignity most high;
 Christ, may we with pure thanksgiving
 Thee for ever glorify.

Address



Carol

Ere yet the gray of Easter day
 Had tinged the night of weeping,
 With eager heed the women speed
 Where their dear Lord was sleeping;
 With perfumes sweet and spices rare,
 And sweeter balm of tears and prayer,
 To shroud His rest with tender care, with tender care.

What glad surprise the clear sun-rise
 Is with its radiance bringing!
 The tomb was bright with holy light,
 And shining angels singing;
 "The Lord is risen! be not afraid!
 The Lord is risen as He hath said!
 Behold the place where He was laid, where He was laid!"

The tears of night are dew-drops bright,
 The sun-lit fields adorning;
 And passion-days in songs of praise
 Shall end on Easter morning;
 And doubts, and fears, and griefs and pain,
 Dissolve like clouds in gentle rain,
 To make the spring-tide bloom again, bloom again.

With heart and voice let men rejoice
 In Christ, the King all glorious!
 He lights the gloom of every tomb
 Who rose from death victorious;
 For all He broke its cruel sway,
 And rolled the heavy stone away
 From every grave on Easter Day, on Easter Day.

Now raise again a joyful strain,
 The risen Lord adoring;
 Glad homage bring to Christ the King,
 His mercy sweet imploring!
 Go forth with song your Lord to greet;
 Bow down and worship at His feet,
 With Alleluias, Alleluias loud and sweet.



Reception of Offerings



Prayers and Benediction



Retrocessional

EASTER flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might,
Glory in the highest.

Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay,
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

As He riseth, rise we, too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.



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